

The Critic

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Ballad of the Faded Field.

BROAD bars of sunset-slanted gold
Are laid along the field, and here
The silence sings, as if some old
Refrain, that once rang long and clear,
Came softly, stealing to the ear
Without the aid of sound. The rill—
Is voiceless, and the grass is sere;—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance-like the mellow air doth hold
The sorrow of the passing year;
The heart of Nature growtheth cold,
The time of falling snow is near;
On phantom feet, which none may hear,
Creeps—with the shadow of the hill—
The semblance of departing cheer;—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray-clustered weeds enfold
The well-known summer path, and drear
The dusking hills, like billows rolled
Against the distant sky, appear.
From lonely haunts, where Night and Fear
Keep ghostly tryst, when mists are chill,
The dark pine lifts a jagged spear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

ENVOI.

Dear love—the days that once were dear
May come no more; Life may fulfil
Her fleeting dreams, with many a tear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

November, 1887. ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

Sunday Newspapers.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion as to the propriety and usefulness of Sunday newspapers. On the one hand it is held that every intelligent man wishes to know, and needs to know, what is going on in the world of affairs, and that he requires this information on Sunday no less than on every other day of the week. The Sunday paper records the doings of Saturday, which are as likely to be important as those of any other day, and men do not wish to, and in some cases cannot without inconvenience, wait another day to hear of them. The commercial man, too, needs to keep himself informed in regard to the course of trade and the condition of industry throughout the world; if he fails to do so, he may suffer serious loss in his personal business. On the other hand, some religious people object that the reading of the Sunday newspaper unfits a man for devotional exercises and for receiving religious instruction. If it is read before attendance at church, the topics it treats will linger in the mind, and divert attention from the services; if it is read after leaving the church, it will tend to dissipate the impression which the services may have produced

There is a tendency in this country now towards what is called secularizing the Sabbath—that is, towards making it a holiday rather than a holy day, and in this work of secularization, some think that the Sunday newspaper plays the leading part.

Such is the divergence of opinion on the subject; and without expressing too positive a judgment upon it, we wish to call attention to some points which the question involves, and which those who have discussed it seem to have either overlooked or too little attended to. To begin with, the affairs of the world, which the newspapers record, are not in their nature so purely secular, or non-religious, as is sometimes supposed; much depends on the particular topics selected and the manner of treating them. The news of the day is a brief portion of history; and there is surely no necessary reason why the study of God's work in history should unfit us for worshipping Him or for learning about our relations to Him. Yet it must be admitted that much of the news that the daily papers of this country chronicle is not only non-religious but irreligious, and the reading of it wholly incompatible with a devotional or an ethical frame of mind. There are some newspapers, very popular in certain quarters, that seem to delight in the worst and most revolting of human actions, and in spreading them before the public with all their sickening details. Reports of murders, rapes, burglaries, divorce-trials, prize-fights, and other things of an equally offensive character, fill their columns every day, Sundays included. Such things are for the most part disagreeable reading to virtuous and intelligent minds on any day of the week, especially when recorded in coarse and sensational style, with headlines to match; and their inappropriateness for Sunday reading is glaring. Many people read them, however, even while acknowledging their doubtful tendency; while others read them, apparently, without caring whether their tendency is good or bad. How far the public is responsible for the publication of such stuff, and how far the responsibility rests on the conductors of the newspapers, we are not prepared to say; but that it is a blot on American journalism and American civilization, we believe few thinking minds will deny. Such reading is not only unfit for Sunday, but for any day of the week, and its tendency and effect are the very reverse of religious. So far, then, as the strictures of religious writers are intended to apply to this portion of the Sunday morning's news, all friends of good morals are likely to agree with them.

But before condemning the Sunday newspaper as necessarily incompatible with a religious observance of the day, we ought to consider what such a paper would be if prepared with special reference to the day itself. We by no means intend to imply that all American newspapers are liable to the strictures we have made upon some of them; on the contrary, there are some that scrupulously refrain from publishing such matter as we have spoken of, save only so far as the public good seems to require it. Yet most of them on Sunday contain little that is specially appropriate to the day, though they might contain much, especially in the way of religious news. Religion is to all thinking minds, and to many even that are deemed unthinking, the most important of human concerns; and there are few readers that do not take an interest in all the more important religious movements, as well as in the progress of religious opinion. To learn of these movements and changes of opinion in detail, one would have to read not only a great many religious newspapers, but many books and magazines as well; but a summary of them sufficiently copious for most readers could readily be furnished by the Sunday papers, either in original articles and reports, or in the form of extracts from the latest issues of the religious weeklies. In this way a summary of religious news and an epitome of religious opinion could be given, free from bias in favor of any sect, and in a form adapted to reading by persons who have not much time to spare. That it would be more interesting, to intelligent readers at least, than much of the matter which the

Sunday papers now contain, is certain; for even the best of them often contain pages of padding, which could well be spared in favor of something really adapted to the day. If some such improvements as we have here hinted at were carried into effect, it would be easier than it is now to determine whether the Sunday newspaper is, or is not, a hindrance to religious observances, and an agent in secularizing the Sabbath.

Reviews

Five Books of Verse.*

IT IS A PITY that Mr. Waldo Messaros has chosen so repellent a title for his poems (1). They are slight and faulty, abounding in such false rhymes as 'pen' and 'them,' 'gloom' and 'noon,' 'kindles' and 'mingles.' They have an occasional child-like quaintness, as where we are told that the poet's soul is like 'a rusty cage' which has 'been out in the rain,' but is still full of singing birds. 'Spring in Hellas,' 'Gabriel,' and 'Threnos' exhibit genuine grace; and the Russian love-song, 'Narinska,' is also pleasing. The book is prettily embellished, and furnished with illustrations, the most striking of which is an etching of an Oriental subject by S. J. Ferris.

Mr. Wason's rhyming 'Letters from Colorado' (2) are founded on a singular misapprehension of the purposes of verse. Such combinations of ten or eleven syllables as

After much anxious thought I've bought a horse,—
A roll of blankets, coffee-pot, tin cup,—
Hardware, nail-kegs, tin pans, in dire confusion,—

are not lines of poetry, as we may gather that the writer deems them, from certain too sanguine expressions in the introduction:

Such paens of enjoyment
My wakened muse shall sing,
From my astonished country
A prophet's praises wring,
Till even my own hamlet
Shall grudging tributes bring.

The 'wakened muse' is capable of the following reflection,

The notes that upswell when the heart overbrims
Is the grandest 'Laudamus' that ever was sung,

of observing that 'a gorgeous sunset stencils the river's banks,' and of seriously rhyming 'ear' with 'Ave Maria' and 'neater' with 'La Signorita.'

It is a source of regret that Columbia College,—notwithstanding the fact, that, as her poet reminds us,

all the forces
Of civilization swell her vast resources,—

celebrated her centennial by a metrical production no more valuable than 'The Progress of Learning' (3). 'The author has employed the feminine rhymes in order to give more lightness, grace and flexibility to the verse.' We do not think he has attained the result desired. His ingenuity in finding so many double rhymes is indeed remarkable, but he is not fastidious, joining with satisfaction 'Coptic' and 'Ethiopic,' 'sanction' and 'Melanchthon,' 'frenzy' and 'influenza,' 'roll-call' and 'Marshall,' and rounding a period with the couplet

And what were Venuses, with foam to swim in,
To Freedom's cultured, pure, and queenly women?

Dr. Taylor is as indefatigable a cataloguer as Homer himself,

Whose lyre across the gulf of time resounded,
Till Athens flourished, on his numbers founded:
One University, state, city, nation,
Where but to live was a liberal education.

As relentlessly as the singer of Achilles' wrath recounts the

1. Some Dalny Poems. By Waldo Messaros. \$4. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartman. 2. Letters from Colorado. By H. L. Wason. \$1.25. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 3. The Progress of Learning, a Poem, delivered at the Celebration of the Centennial of Columbia College. By Geo. Loring Taylor. 25c. New York: John B. Alden. 4. Poems by 'Josiah Allen's Wife' (Marietta Holley). \$2. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 5. Immortelles. By Cora M. A. Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ships of the Greeks, does the chanter of Columbia's glory tell over

The Hobarts, Hoffmans, Harpers, Fishes, Duers,—
Columbia's patriarch founders and renewers,—

New York's old names in traffic, lore, invention,

And scores besides as proud, the muse despairs to mention!

But one must not exact too much of a college poem. We call to mind but one author who invariably writes good occasional verses; and really it was hardly graceful for the Columbian poet to refer to him as Harvard's

bard, whose pungent pen, not quill nor metal,
Was cut and sharpened from a Boston nettle;
And though he sings with wit, and classic graces,
His guests and hearers twinge, and make wry faces!

The poems of 'Josiah Allen's Wife' (4) are dedicated with much feeling to the memory of Miss Holley's mother, and sent forth with the hope that 'the little craft' may 'be safer from adverse winds because it carries so low a sail.' In spite of this winning introduction the work cannot be greatly praised. It is surprising to find, in the verse of one whose prose can be homely and shrewd enough, so much clap-trap of haunted castles and violet velvet curtains and marble floors, of Lady Maud, and Lady Cecile, and Ione, and Lemoine, and Genieve, and 'nameless, dreadful horror,' and 'hated fetters,' and 'fair, false ways.' The cadences of Jean Ingelow and of Tennyson—the Tennyson of 'Maud'—are imperfectly echoed; and the ballad called 'The Deacon's Daughter' reminds one of 'The Village Blacksmith'; but the reflection in this case is truer; the poem is simple and pathetic. The accompanying picture oddly represents the deacon in an Anglican clerical coat; one smiles to imagine the good man's sentiments regarding such a garb. The title-page announces that the illustrations are by W. Hamilton Gibson and others; it strikes us that this artist's share in the pictorial work has been but small.

The verses of Mrs. Cora M. A. Davis, who died in 1885, have been collected by her husband (5). The faults of Miss Holley's volume are here repeated and intensified; but criticism is disarmed by the prefatory statement that the contents 'were not written for the public eye,' and the fact that the author is not responsible for their publication.

"Slav or Saxon?"*

THE STUDY of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization is just now one of the 'burning questions' of the hour—a question that 'burns' but gives no light, like Milton's Lucifer. It stands forth a live coal in a great darkness, and its lurid redness is what attracts Mr. Foulke and makes him apply his spectroscope with a view to analyzing the constitution of this new 'red planet Mars.' His book—it is really a book—fortifies Mr. Kennan's revelation of picturesque wrong in his *Century* articles with all the force of history and argument. His discussion is plainly outlined in the title. Is the world in future to be Anglo-Saxon or Slav? Of course this is 'one of the things no fellow can tell'; but Mr. Foulke is full of dread and apprehension lest Ursa Major swallow up the Unicorn and then proceed to make a Gargantuan meal of the rest of the universe. We, for our part, have no such apprehension. It would perhaps be a blessing if Russia did swallow, digest or assimilate Asia: the Chinese at least would then be off the *tapis*, and California could gloat over her grapes undisturbed; but that there is any danger of Germany, France, England, etc., forming *entremets* to this feast, we decline to believe. Not even the White Tsar can have such an appetite: not even Stepniak with all his rhetoric can bring us to see this consummation. The experiments at universal unqualified suffrage in this country may well deter the Autocrat of all the Russias from conferring the franchise on millions of illiterate serfs not an inch above our negroes in alphabetic and other knowledge—an attitude of which Mr. Foulke complains bit-

* Slav or Saxon? By W. D. Foulke. \$1.25. (Questions of the Day.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

terly. The Russians are really as yet—and *en masse*—in no fit condition for a National Assembly, any more than the Japanese, who have wisely deferred constitutionalism for a season. From this point of view the efforts of the Nihilists to accelerate constitutional government appear ill-advised, and one cannot sympathize with them as fully as if, for instance, Russians were down-trodden Italians or Frenchmen. In his nine chapters Mr. Foulke considers the always-impending struggle between Russia and England for the possession of India, the history of the people, the military autocracy under which they groan, their conquests and minor acts of aggression, the reforms of Alexander II., and the present despotism.

"The Story of Ireland."*

TO ANY ONE anxious to see and understand how the present pitiable state of Ireland has come about, this new volume of the Story of the Nations Series may be cordially recommended. The subject at first seems too tragic, and one approaches the book with almost a distaste; but hardly a page has been read before the practised and skilful pen of Miss Lawless invests the narrative with singular charm; one is borne along pleasantly on the wings of Irish legend and tradition; the early chroniclers open their stores; and the Welsh and Elizabethan historians envelop the theme with rich and quaint embroidery of incident and illustration. Later on, anarchic Ireland takes on less chaotic form; the great statesmen, writers, and parliamentary orators afford brilliant resting places for the mind wearied with internecine conflict and civil war; Irish traits, customs, and poetry garnish the text with their bits of color; and a book unique in interest, popular in form, full of the information we need in order to understand the Irish question, is the result. This eternal question—of which the papers are always full—needs all the alleviation and side-light that one can throw on it, to relieve its Cimmerian blackness. The concluding chapters of this book discuss it in all its detail. 'Ninety-Eight' and the 'Union,' 'O'Connell and Catholic Emancipation,' 'Young Ireland,' the Famine, and 'The Latest Development' fill the concluding chapters with pathetic and dramatic incidents, and show us not only the recent past but 'the untravelled future.' 'Home Rule,' says Miss Lawless, virtually, 'seems to be coming; but what will Ireland do with it when it comes?' Two thousand years of strife and turbulence cannot be calmed in a day, nor can a people who never governed themselves be expected to turn out perfect parliamentarians all at once. We shall see—what we shall! Whatever else the Irish may have done, their influence has been astoundingly fertile, and their blood flows in millions of veins they never dreamt of. The fund of intellectual caloric which they have supplied to this cold globe of ours is incalculable.

"Modern Cities."†

A COURSE of lectures delivered at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1886 has been reproduced in this volume, in a manner to interest and arouse a much larger public than was reached at the first. The subject is the enormous growth of modern cities as centres of population and commercial enterprise, as well as of depravity and crime. The author at first shows what this growth has been, and then turns to the educational and religious problems which it involves. His survey is one of great interest, for he proves that vice and crime have kept pace with the growth of populations, and that all large cities are centres of a heathendom of a most discouraging and deplorable kind. In the second lecture, on the social composition of American cities, he points out the heterogeneous character of our city populations. The rich and the poor have come to have few so-

cial relations with each other; people of foreign birth do not mingle with native-born Americans; and the Protestant Church has so far had almost no influence on those who have been educated in the Catholic Church. The author rightly believes that serious evil lies in the fact that working-men are coming to be a distinct class, and that their interests are so seldom made co-extensive with those of their employers and the classes which form and guide public opinion.

Having enumerated the evils resulting from the enormously rapid growth of modern cities, Mr. Loomis points out what has been done in London and Paris in the way of providing remedies. He describes the missions of the Church of England and then those of the dissenting Churches, while his sixth lecture is wholly devoted to the McAll mission in Paris. The concluding lecture discusses the remedies applicable to American cities. He believes that the churches are not properly organized for the work which ought to be done, and that they have not as yet realized its greatness or its necessity. He especially calls attention to the fact that the churches are not sufficiently in sympathy with the working-men, and that the great body of men throughout the country who are connected with the labor agitations are not at all in sympathy with the work of the churches. He rightly says that religion is made too much an affair for the wealthy—a luxury for the rich,—and that it does not produce any practical realization of the idea of the brotherhood of men. The book is one of great plainness of utterance—the work of a man of clear practical wisdom and sound judgment. Its presentation of facts and discussion of remedies are of great importance.

The Episcopal Doctrine of the Church.*

THE three books here grouped are closely related in subject, but widely different in their manner of treatment. Mr. Bolmer (1) and Mr. Little (2) defend substantially the same proposition—viz., that the Episcopal Church is the Church of the New Testament, and the only Christian body that has an unqualified right to the name of Church. Mr. Bolmer is the more moderate in expression, the more anxious to be just, the more nearly concerned to follow some scheme of historical inquiry, the more theoretical, the more diffuse. Mr. Little is sharp, concise, dogmatic, and, no doubt, for the general reader, the more effective of the two. Mr. Bolmer expects us to reflect upon what he says; Mr. Little expects us to accept what he says. His statements are confident and sweeping. 'English-speaking Christians are divided into three great classes—Churchmen, Recusants, and Dissenters.' The Anglican Church, 'exercises lawful jurisdiction throughout the British Empire and the American Republic.' What this last sentence means is not clear, and this is only one indication of the author's failure to recognize the complications introduced into what would otherwise be a spiritual problem by the political relations of the English Church. Mr. Bolmer is more discriminating in reference to this. The two are alike, however, in arguing for a substantial agreement, in prelatical and sacramentarian features, between the Anglican Church of our day and the Church of New Testament times, and in inferring or assuming divine authority for the distinctive characteristics by which the Anglican Church is now known. We cannot take space to follow the steps of the argument, nor to point out various historical blunders into which Mr. Little (more often than Mr. Bolmer) has fallen, nor do we care to take them to task for arrogance.

A third book (3) supplies the needed correction and corrective. Dr. Hatch, of Oxford, the well-known author of the Bampton Lectures for 1880, on 'The Organization of the Early Christian Churches,' represents, like Bishop Light-

* The Story of Ireland. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. \$1.50. (The Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Modern Cities and Their Religious Problems. By Samuel Lane Loomis. \$1. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

* 1. The Church and the Faith. A Philosophical History of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Wm. B. Bolmer. \$3. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. 2. Reasons for Being a Churchman. By the Rev. Arthur W. Little. 4th Thousand. \$1.10. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 3. The Growth of Church Institutions. By the Rev. Edwin Hatch. New York: T. Whittaker.

foot, the late Dean Stanley, Dr. Sanday and others besides, the spirit of profound and candid historical inquiry, and is a scholar of breadth and accuracy. He traces briefly but clearly the development of the chief institutions in the Anglican Church out of the more simple customs and forms of the New Testament times, shows how largely the existent offices, orders and methods are the gradual result of formative circumstances, and to how small a degree they can claim immediate apostolic authority. He believes in historic continuity, but makes it evident that, in Church as in State, historic continuity has been a growth. These ideas are not new; they are indicated plainly in Bishop Lightfoot's essay on 'The Christian Ministry' and Stanley's 'Christian Institutions'; but they are freshly stated and newly illustrated, and come to unprejudiced minds with convincing force. It is with unfeigned regret that we find such representatives of the Episcopal Church in America, as the two whose books are here noticed, taking a position—not only in learning, but in open-mindedness and rigid, scholarly method—so far below this distinguished professor and clergyman of the Church of England.

Minor Notices.

'THE BOYHOOD OF LIVING AUTHORS' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is a series of simple sketches by Mr. William H. Ridings, prepared with the consent, and in most instances with the assistance, of the authors represented. These are Holmes, Lowell, Stedman, Higginson, Gladstone, Howells, Stockton, Whittier, and a few others; and the biographies give interesting and reliable information about each of these people, all of whom are well-known to fame but of whom many are unknown personally. It would be a valuable record truly, if from it we could discover just what kind of a boy grows up to be a great man, or just what kind of treatment tends to develop greatness in a boy. Unhappily human nature remains as much of a puzzle as ever, but it is good for us to know at least just what these particular natures were.—BOOKS of selections from standard literature undoubtedly have use and value, when not intended as short cuts to pretentious knowledge; and the Eighteenth Century essay, as Mr. Austin Dobson has shown, may be made newly current by a wise winnowing of the permanent from the transient. One hundred and sixteen complete numbers of *The Spectator* have been discreetly chosen by Mr. A. C. Ewald for the Chancery Classics Series (F. Warne & Co.); and in these large-type pages the reader is given a good idea of the most important contents of the famous periodical, save its critical papers. Mr. Ewald's ill-written introduction makes a wretched appearance beside the Addisonian prose which follows. The publishers now issue this well-known series in a library binding much neater than the former shabby brown.

CARLYLE'S 'REMINISCENCES,' as edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton (Macmillan & Co.), have been issued in a one-volume edition. The two maps of Carlyle's part of Scotland are retained; and the whole volume is substantially made. No word of praise or criticism is now needed in regard to these papers, which give so many insights into Carlyle's life and character. Already too much has been written about them—too much of blame because they have been given to the public, and too much criticism of Carlyle because of the revelations they make. The attitude of the present editor is one with which we do not thoroughly sympathize, since he has apparently exaggerated the extent of Mr. Froude's defects. The volume is one of very great value, however, and must take a high place among autobiographic writings.—PROF. HENRY MORLEY is far from being a great critic or a literary historian of the first order; but it would be hard to find, in England or America, a man who has more faithfully or serviceably aided in the spread of good reading. No. 53 in Morley's 'Universal Library' (Routledge), which has already included More's 'Utopia,' Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' Campanella's 'City of the Sun,' and Machiavelli's 'Prince,' is 'The Commonwealth of Oceana,' by James Harrington (1611–1677). For forty cents, therefore, the reader may possess himself of a good edition of this dull but significant old democratic romance, which possesses peculiar interest for American readers.

BY AN AGREEABLE coincidence, the same season gives us two readable volumes the similarity between which extends from titles to contents. Prof. William Mathews, in his 'Men, Places, and Things' (S. C. Griggs & Co.), talks of Dumas, Bulwer, Wirt, Napoleon, some famous London preachers of to-day, and such hack-

neyed themes as 'The Weaknesses of Great Men,' 'The Value of Fame,' and 'What Shall We Read?' Of the twenty-eight chapters that on 'The Weaknesses of Great Men' (apparently written as a lecture) is the most interesting, and that on Napoleon the most weighty. Pleasant and instructive is a brief paper entitled 'Illusions About the Past,' but on the whole Prof. Mathews's book would have gained by the exclusion of some of the rather thin and ephemeral little essays which fill out its second half.—MR. HORACE E. SCUDDER'S 'Men and Letters' (Houghton), like Professor Mathews's book, may be heartily commended to small country libraries, to youths, and to middle-aged readers who feel that they have neither time nor capacity for the mastery of weightier 'books about books.' Mr. Scudder's sub-title, 'Essays in Characterization and Criticism,' is somewhat too ambitious; his characterizations of Emerson, Dr. Muhlenberg, and F. D. Maurice are more obvious than suggestive, and his criticisms of Longfellow's verse and Landor's prose display no deep insight or brilliant illumination. But his earnest tribute to his friend and neighbor Elisha Mulford, one of the strongest of American minds, is distinctly original and valuable. Mr. Scudder's style is less popular than Prof. Mathews's; it is at its best in his sincere and spontaneous tributes to men or books that have been dear to him; it is at his worst in some of his more perfunctory reviews here reprinted from *The Atlantic*.

'BEST THINGS from Best Authors,' Vol. V., is a compilation of Nos. 13, 14 and 15 of 'The Elocutionist's Annual.' The range of authors and subjects is very wide, and a selection to suit almost any occasion ought to be found between its covers. No. 15 of the 'Annual,' compiled by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, contains selections intended for reading, declamation, dialogue, etc. Mr. Howells's farce, 'The Mouse-Trap,' is included in it. A little book of selections for reading and recitation is entitled 'Choice Dialect.' The pieces are chiefly humorous, though a few are pathetic, illustrating Irish, negro, German, and western dialect in turn. 'Holiday Entertainments' is a collection of short dramas, dialogues, tableaux, stories, recitations, etc., for very young people. Everything in the book was written expressly for it. 'The Child's Own Speaker,' by E. C. & L. J. Rook, is a nice little collection of bits in prose and verse for five-year-olds to declaim. The books mentioned in this paragraph are issued by the National School of Oratory, in Philadelphia.

'SOCIAL CUSTOMS,' by Florence Howe Hall (Estes & Lauriat), is the best book on manners that we remember having seen. It is a readable essay, even for those who do not need the information that it gives; it bears the unmistakable stamp of being written by one who thoroughly understands fine manners, and who recognizes that the best are always rooted in kindness as well as in etiquette; and it hits the golden mean between helpful information and superfluous advice of the kind known in New England as 'finicky.' The book is long and elaborate, but neither tedious nor foolish in the rules it gives for table, card, visiting, entertaining, and epistolary etiquette. What gives it a special value in its tone, rather than its instructions. You need not be ashamed to be seen consulting it, because its object is to teach, not 'gentility,' but elegance and dignity.

'AN INQUIRY INTO SOCIALISM,' by Thomas Kirkup (Longmans, Green & Co.), is in many respects an interesting work. It is written fairly well and evidently with great interest in the subject. But the ordinary reader will be at first somewhat puzzled by the use of the term *socialism* in a sense quite different from the ordinary. The kind of socialism that the author advocates is not essentially different from what is commonly called co-operation, the essence of which consists in the ownership and management of the means of production by voluntary associations of laborers. He draws a vivid picture of the evils of the present system, in which labor is largely divorced from capital and land; and argues that the remedy lies in bringing this divorce to an end. But, as the old system of industrial management by small individual proprietors is no longer possible, the land and capital must hereafter be owned and managed by associations of laborers. Mr. Kirkup, however, is by no means in favor of taking the property away from its present possessors without compensation; on the contrary, he would respect the rights of property as rigidly as any one. Nor does he look with the slightest favor on communism, or anarchism, or on equal division of property, or indeed on any utopian or revolutionary scheme whatever; but hopes for the realization of his ideal through the gradual introduction of voluntary co-operation. He would, however, extend the functions of government somewhat, especially in the municipalities; but on the whole the system he advocates differs but little from that which economists have so often treated of under the name of co-operation. Mr. Kirkup evidently sees that it is dif-

ferent from most of the socialistic schemes now in vogue, yet he thinks it may properly be designated by that name. We suspect, however, that its advocates will be found among those who do not call themselves socialists rather than among those who do.

THE LATEST historical events—those which are back of the current periodicals and in front of the standard histories—are the hardest for the student to learn about, and the most elusive of the general reader's search. Such a book as Mr. McCarthy's well-known 'History of Our Own Times' is therefore of special usefulness. A somewhat similar service is performed by Col. Thomas W. Knox's 'Decisive Battles since Waterloo' (G.P. Putnam's Sons). His list of 'decisive' battles is altogether too large. Sir Edward Creasy found only fifteen in all the world; but Colonel Knox would have us believe that there have been twenty-five since Waterloo. His historic style, too, is neither deeply philosophic nor brilliantly picturesque, and causes and effects are sometimes not traced sufficiently far. But Col. Knox writes clearly, and offers a compact and instructive summary of the authorities. His modest preface half disarms criticism. The book is creditably free from errors of fact; and it finds and fills a place of its own. The publishers have printed it well, and have equipped it with numerous good maps.—WE HAVE already given favorable notice to some of the volumes in Putnam's Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. Two more have since appeared—'Baron Munchausen' and 'Chesterfield's Letters.' The first named is illustrated. These little volumes grow upon one with acquaintance, they are so neat, so readable, so portable. If the selections continue to be made with the excellent judgment which has been shown so far, there cannot be too many of them.

'LIVING LIGHTS,' by Charles Frederick Holder (Chas. Scribner's Sons), is a book beautiful without and within; handsomely bound, well printed on good paper, very clearly illustrated, and full of interesting matter. It is a description of phosphorescent animals and vegetables, made simple enough to be popular and well adapted to interest children, though without any foolish attempt to sugar-coat the useful information made tempting in itself and by itself. The table of contents looks odd, as a record not only of the phosphorescent sea, but of luminous flowers, and luminous showers, with man's relations to the phenomena of phosphorescence, and a chapter on the uses of phosphorescence. If children want any prettier 'fairy-tale' than this, they must be very fastidious.

'THE BOSTON SCHOOL KITCHEN Text-Book,' by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln (Roberts Bros.), is just what its name implies: not a complete cook-book, full of new receipts and elaborate dishes, but a study of food and explanation of general principles in cooking, adapted for practical use in the classes of public and industrial schools. It proceeds on the right basis—that cooking is not to be taught as a fine art in expensive classes attended by fashionable ladies, who take to it as merely one more social craze, and consent to go home after the classes and impart to their cooks at second-hand all their hard-earned information; but that it is to be made a fundamental branch in the education of the cooks themselves, while they are young and in school, and before they have to cook.—THE INTERSTATE Publishing Co., of Chicago, in pursuance of the excellent idea that text-books should be made progressive, issue for the necessary change from month to month No. 12 of *The Intermediate Monthly* and of *The Primary Monthly*. They are small pamphlets, the former containing some interesting information about Jacob Abbott as a grandfather and about the man in the moon in folk-lore, and the latter some very simple little language-lessons with pictures.—THE 'THIRD NATURAL HISTORY READER,' by Rev. J. G. Wood (Boston School Supply Co.), is intended for children who have just learned to read, with the excellent idea of having them learn interesting facts while reading for an exercise in elocution.

'CONTES ET NOUVELLES,' by Mme. L. Alliot, of Bryn Mawr College and the Summer School of Languages at Amherst (Henry Holt & Co.), is a French reader which introduces some excellent new methods for teaching French. After each short story is an exercise, showing how conversation may be taught at the same time with reading and pronunciation.—'BIBLE TALKS about Bible pictures' (Cassell & Co.) is a book of selections from Bible readings, simplified for very young readers, and printed in large type with many illustrations. It has been prepared by Jenny B. Merrill and F. McCready Harris (Hope Ledyard).—THE INIMITABLE 'Rollo's Journey to Cambridge,' with Attwood's capital illustrations (Cupples & Hurd), appears once more, in a seventh edition. It is one of the humorous bits which the world does not willingly let die.—'LEGENDS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA' (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a collection of verses by Truman H. Purdy, illustrated by

Darley and Lummis. They are amiable, but not startling.—**ANOTHER** of Miss Stickney's excellent little primers for the very youngest readers is issued by Ginn & Co.

The Magazines.

Macmillan's for January has something of an old-time flavor. Julia Cartwright talks of 'Sacharissa's Letters,' of which not many and not very interesting ones now exist. One of the best things in them is what she says of her daughter's husband: 'He is not a pleasant man—very few are.' G. Birkbeck Hill discourses concerning 'Dr. Johnson's Style,' and thinks that the making of the dictionary had not so much to do with his pomp of diction as Murphy pretended. He believes it was mainly the result of padding in order to fill out the numbers of *The Rambler*. Lord Coleridge has a good word to say about the late Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote), whom he cordially eulogizes. Three good out-of-doors articles are 'Pictures at Sea,' 'Forestry' and 'Something like a Bag,' the latter an account of a day's shooting in Ceylon.

Of Mr. Andrew Lang's prolific muse it may be said that whenever she is tickled with a line of old French, she laughs with a harvest of vain verses in English. Even a second-hand quotation has proved enough to produce two pages of rhymes in the first number of the new magazine, *The Bookworm*, published by Elliot Stock and imported by George J. Coombes. To the gentle reader Mr. Lang boldly confides that of the three kinds of companions named in his motto (men, women and books), he prefers the last. This might pass, for a bookworm; but Mr. Lang does not mean it, and when he says at the end of his screed that the best kind of books are those filled with fly-hooks, even a bookworm can see that he is fooling. The new magazine presents a refreshingly old face, with initials and tail-pieces and old-fashioned type. It is filled with quaint notes on such topics as 'Grub Street and its Journal,' the birthplace of Thomas à Kempis, Queen Elizabeth's New Testament, and George the Third's memorandum-book—which was much like Falstaff's, only more so, as its two remaining entries refer to numerous 'botils' of 'renesh,' 'Burgene,' 'madarer' and 'Shannpane,' and to nothing else but a hamper cord and one shilling for packing. Four of its leaves are—very appropriately—of ass's skin.

The Antiquary for January contains 'Some Archaeological Recollections,' by W. F. Ainsworth—a rambling but not unimportant article, in which the vast amount of work left for future explorers to do in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor is pointed out. G. Laurence Gomme gives an entertaining account of the growth of 'The Christmas Pantomime.' There are papers on the antiquities of the Counties of Kent, Cornwall and Nottingham, and, in addition to several other articles and the customary editorial departments, an index and title for Vol. XVI.—The late Mrs. Craik's eulogistic account of Miss Mary Anderson's acting in the double rôle of Hermione and Perdita in 'A Winter's Tale,' which appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* of Nov. 12, reappears in the January *Woman's World*. Laura McLaren has an article on 'The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man,' which is itself chock-full of fallacies. S. William Beck writes 'A Treatise on Hoops,' illustrated by copies of various old prints. Mrs. Campbell Praed has a witty article on life at Royat, very well illustrated; and the Countess of Meath, a short account of a Children's League for which Walter Crane has designed an allegorical picture which serves as frontispiece to the number.

The most interesting article in *Longman's Magazine* for January is not a pleasant one. It is an account of the work of the 'Donna,' the food-truck for the relief of the unemployed laborers at the docks. It was started four years ago as a temporary measure, by the proprietors of the magazine, and now appears to have become a permanent institution. Andrew Lang berates Mr. Stedman for wishing that England should have an heroic crisis in order to improve her poetry, and asks him how he would like one for his own country. He predicts fabulously high prices for Conquet's new edition of 'Grammont's Memoirs'—safely enough, one would say, when the 'chief copy' is already held at \$2000. The number is well supplied with fiction, and two of the lighter essays—'The Anatomy of Acting,' by William Archer, and 'Coquilles' (printer's errors), by Augustus Mansfield—will be found worth reading.

The Altruist is a new magazine, published monthly at Montclair, N. J., by the Home Society, who will rest from their labors during July, August, September and October. The third number (January) opens with an editorial on 'The Outlook for the Altruist'—not the paper, but the philosopher who believes in living for others rather than for himself, without thought of other reward than a constantly increasing capacity for doing good. This number contains a Letter from Princeton, Notes on the Wolfe art collection, and other original articles, and selections. Mr. Edward J. Hardinge's paper, 'Stockton as a Humorist,' hardly does justice to its subject in calling Stockton 'a freak of nature.' He may be that,

but he is also more. Mr. Harding is hard to please; or perhaps we should say too well satisfied with the good old things in humorous literature to fully appreciate that which is good and new. He says, properly enough, that Stockton's humor is 'extra dry'; but he pretends that a taste for it must be cultivated, and that it is not likely to be acquired by many of coming generations. We are sorry for the coming generations if they are not to have the faculty of appreciating 'A Transferred Ghost' and 'A Tale of Negative Gravity' born in them. Mr. Harding likes broader fun, and he finds it in 'Rudder Grange' and 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine.' These and the fairy-stories, however, he thinks are not distinctively Stocktonian; they are the humor of all the world. We believe they are both.

'Socialism in London,' by J. H. Rosny, will first draw attention in *Harper's*. It gives illustrations of the talk among socialists of all grades, with clever replies from men who see that it is possible to acquire a fortune without oppressing one's fellow-men. The magazine is becoming more and more a solid one. Besides this interesting paper, we have one on 'The Tariff for Protection and Development,' by Hon. George F. Edmunds, one on 'The American Shipping Interest,' by Osborne Howes, Jr., and one on 'Ship-Railways, Ancient and Modern,' by F. L. Hagadorn. Philippe Burty writes of the painter and etcher, Félix Buhot. Quebec, with many illustrations, is described by C. H. Farnham. Gen. Marcy's 'Rambles in the West' are not the mere strolls of a tourist, but the suggestive experiences of one who for half a century has been in the United States Army, and most of that time in the wilds of the West. 'On the Outposts, 1780,' is an historical descriptive article by Edmund Kirke; while 'Hyderabad and Golconda,' by Bishop Hurst, takes us to the other side of the globe. Mr. James contributes a story, 'Louisa Pallant,' which is in his best vein of entertaining analysis, though rather abrupt in its *finale*, and Mr. Howells begins a series of Swiss sketches. The best of the poetry is 'Pamela in Town,' one of Ellen Hutchinson's spirited and charming ballads, of which she gives us too few.

The fiction of *The Atlantic* is its most striking feature. The Japanese serial, by E. H. House, continues to be one of the choicest bits of romance now running. 'The Second Son' comes to a close; as in real life, the wicked are not put to shame, but allowed their own peculiar kind of triumph, such as it is. Miss Murfree's serial supplies some strong poetic chapters; and with the fiction may be classed Mr. Lathrop's careful, exhaustive, and appreciative essay on the novels of George Meredith, which are just now the 'rage.' Three important and solid articles are those on 'The Marriage Celebration in Europe,' by Frank Gaylord Cook, on 'Madame Mecker,' by James Breck Perkins, and 'The Medea of Euripides,' by William Cranston Lawton. In the Contributors' Club is given some spicy 'sauce for the Latin goose and English gander, in a specimen of 'Kikeronian' English.

Fiction is a strong feature of *The Cosmopolitan* also. 'The Remarkable Courage of Abdias Miller,' by T. Combe, is a delightfully entertaining character-sketch of which the scene is laid in Switzerland. 'An Orphan in Japan,' by Katharine B. Foot, is a touching and powerful sermon of rebuke to the Christians who labor for the heathen in Japan to the neglect of those in greater danger close at home. Richard A. Proctor writes of Ghosts, with the frank admission that science cannot deny certain remarkable spiritual coincidences; and Edward King of Club Life in Paris; while two features of New York are given by Joel Benton in 'The Book Auction' and Viola Roseboro in 'The Italians of New York.' Something in the tone of the latter article makes it seem as if the writer admired the ability of the Italian poor to live on too little. She seems to deprecate their gradually learning to pursue their course 'upward and onward' as regards wages, though, as a matter of fact, when to be contented with what satisfies some Italian and Chinese laborers is not a glory, but a disgrace.

The valuable article of the Blashfields on 'The Man-at-Arms,' with its fine illustrations, is concluded in *Scribner's*, with the decline of armor brought about by the introduction of gunpowder. Joseph B. Bishop discusses 'The Law and the Ballot,' with suggestions for a much-needed reform in printing and distributing ballots, which he, with others, thinks may best be brought about by giving the matter to the supervision of the State. Prof. Shaler writes of 'Volcanoes,' giving a translation by Prof. Croswell of letters from the younger Pliny to Tacitus, describing the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 63, while Prof. Shaler himself gives the comforting modern scientific interpretation of volcanoes as forces whose action is, 'in a large degree, restorative.' The serials of Mr. Stimson and Mr. Bunner move agreeably forward; but we would suggest that their artists wait for opportunities to illustrate till they find something calling for finer interpretation than a lady sitting on a sofa, or a man going up a flight of steps. Barrett

Wendell's story, 'The Last of the Ghosts,' connects itself with the old Wentworth mansion at Portsmouth. It must be confessed that the Mendelssohn Letters so far are rather a disappointment. The best of the illustrations are the portraits, that of Mendelssohn from a bust being noticeably good; but some of the others we have had before. The letters are rather commonplace, the only striking point being a rather entertaining revelation of how cordially Mendelssohn hated the first signs of what seems to be essentially the musical spirit of our own time. Prof. James's paper on 'What the Will Effects' is a thoughtful and interesting essay on how far the will can fill the mind with an idea, and so influence action. The most delightful thing in the number is Mr. Stevenson's paper on 'The Lantern-Bearers.' It is a little essay in his most graceful manner; but in spite of its light grace, it deals some very effective blows against the false realism, which, as he puts it, argues either the eye that cannot see or the tongue that cannot utter. Mr. Stevenson's plea for the ideal is the more impressive, because he does not mean by the ideal the impossible imaginative, however eloquent, but simply the interpretation of the apparently commonplace, which shows it to be not commonplace at all.

The Andover Review for January opens with one of the most discriminating and sensible articles on 'Missions to Muslim' that recent discussions have called out. It is by the Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, an English clergyman settled in this country. The Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of this city, writes on Wordsworth, finding in his 'democratic vein,' and not at all in his philosophy, the secret of his influence. 'He works from a feeling, not from a doctrine.' 'When he undertakes philosophizing, it is always poor poetry and crude philosophy.' Prof. E. P. Gould defines 'The True Church' in a timely paper, written in a broad and catholic spirit. The question of 'Prohibition' is treated in two brief articles, from opposite sides.

The Lounger

I HAD an opportunity last week of examining two of the most interesting of George Cruikshank's drawings. They were made to illustrate Dickens's novel, 'Oliver Twist,' and are now in the possession of Mr. Franklin H. Tinker, of Short Hills, N. J. One of them represents Oliver being introduced to Fagin by Jack Dawkins; the other shows him on his knees before the judge. The drawings are framed separately, side by side with the woodcuts. A miniature portrait of Cruikshank, framed above his autograph, hangs between the cut and the drawing in one frame; and a portrait of Dickens, also accompanied with an autograph, dated 'Devonshire Terrace, London,' separates the other drawing from its companion engraving. The drawings are delicately and suggestively handled in Cruikshank's best manner. The delicacy of the designs is not, however, preserved in the cuts, which are printed with sharp contrasts of light and shade.

APART from the artistic interest of these drawings, they have important literary significance, as being the cause of the rupture between Dickens and Cruikshank. The artist, it will be remembered, claimed Fagin and the two Sikeses as his own creations, and held that Dickens conceived these characters from his drawings. Dickens denied this claim, and insisted that Cruikshank had merely embodied in them the leading characters of his story. Mr. Tinker's Dickens collection is supposed to be the largest extant, as to first editions. The greater part of it came from the library of Mr. C. B. Foote, of this city, which was sold some three or four years ago. It is the owner's intention to hang his newly acquired treasures above the shelves which hold this set of Dickens's works.

IT IS A CURIOUS coincidence that a house built with money largely made by vilifying Americans and American ways should now be turned into an American boarding-house, or *pension* as it is called in Europe. This house is the Villa Trollope, in Florence, which was built by Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and T. Adolphus, from the sale of her book, 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans.' But the whirling of time has brought in his revenge, and the Americans who visit Florence now sit with their feet out of the front windows of her own house, or nurse their babies on the doorstep. At least that is what they do at home, if we are to believe Mrs. Trollope, and why should they not do the same abroad?

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is an inmate of the Villa Trollope, or was so, a few weeks ago, having taken up her abode there with her two boys, Lionel and Vivian. It is said that there is an old Lord Fauntleroy in England, rich and childless, who has read Mrs. Burnett's story and thoroughly enjoyed it—has even written to thank her for it, and in an interview has asked her to continue the story and show the boy as a man. It is not the

first time this suggestion has been made. Mrs. Burnett's son Vivian was, it is said, the model of the little Lord; so to make the story complete, the old Lord should adopt him, and bequeath him his title as well as his estates, particularly as he is said to have no heir. Just who this rich and childless Lord Fauntleroy is, the peerages fail to tell us; it may be that some old nobleman of another name, but answering the description in the book, is referred to in this interesting story.

THE ANNUAL election of editors of the venerable *Yale Literary Magazine*, popularly known as "the Lit.", has become an occasion of considerable excitement this year. The Juniors, from whose ranks they are always chosen, elected five editors, as usual; but one of the number was unsatisfactory to the retiring board, who are now Seniors, and they have accordingly refused to confirm the choice of the lower class. Declaring the election off, they have appointed four of the undergraduates named by the Juniors, and substituted another for the contested place. Feeling runs very high on the subject, as the post of editor is a coveted one, which usually (if not invariably) carries with it admission to the Skull and Bones. It is this complication with "society" matters that makes the present fight so lively a one. Only twice in the history of Yale, it is said, have the retiring board refused to confirm the editors chosen by the Juniors.

"L'Abbé Constantin."

IF "L'Abbé Constantin," the three-act comedy taken from the French dramatization of Halévy's novel, which was produced in Wallack's Theatre a week ago, fails to win the popularity predicted for it, the fault will lie partly with the adapter, Mr. Clinton Stuart, partly with the actors, and partly with the newspapers which raised extravagant expectations by preliminary puffing. There can be no doubt that the piece has suffered considerably in the process of transplantation from the French to the American stage, but even in its present patched condition, it is a work of conspicuous literary and dramatic merit, containing a simple, clean and natural story, with many elements of humor and pathos, and several delightful studies of character which might easily have been drawn from life. Of mere theatrical incident it is almost destitute, the interest centering in the emotions and impulses of the human heart.

The outline of the plot, which must be tolerably familiar by this time, may be given in a very few words. The château in the little village of Longueval has been bought by an enormously rich American, and the first act shows how the wife of the millionaire, Mrs. Scott, and her unmarried sister, Cynthia Ray, make an informal call upon the good old Abbé of the place, and bring sunshine into his life by their munificence. In the second act the Abbé's nephew, a young lieutenant of artillery, is hopelessly in love with Cynthia, but, being poor, is too proud to declare his passion for a woman whom he knows to be a great heiress in her own right. He is prompt, however, to quarrel with his rival and most intimate friend, a young count, when the latter, in a drunken fit, boasts openly of his betrothal to the fair American, and his indifference to anything but her money. The young men go out to fight, and Cynthia, who has heard of the impending duel from the Abbé, who is in great distress over his nephew's peril, betrays the state of her feelings toward the lieutenant by going out at midnight through a violent storm to learn his fate. There is no duel, for the count recovers his senses and apologizes on the field of honor; but the lieutenant, feeling that his case is hopeless, resolves to run away, and, in the third act, visits his uncle, to say that he is about to sail for Algiers. In this emergency Cynthia resolves to cast all prudish notions to the winds, and lays her heart bare to the Abbé, who brings the play to a happy termination by joining the hands of the lovers.

The first and third acts are charming, preserving the tone and atmosphere of the original with remarkable fidelity. It is long since anything has been seen upon the local stage as natural, quaint and charming as the opening scene in the vicarage garden. The anxiety of the old Abbé touching the fate of the château, his dismay when he believes it to have

fallen into the hands of heretics, his delight when he learns that his new parishioners are members of his Church, his tearful gratitude to Heaven for the aims they bestow—all this is delightful in its freshness and perfect truth. The other characters, moreover, are sketched with rare discrimination. The old housekeeper of the Abbé, the old serving man, the young lieutenant, the two American women, the young French count and his match-making mother, are outlined with great sharpness, and constitute a most interesting and varied group. But the second act breaks the promise of the first. There is a distinct falling off in the quality of the dialogue and of the acting. There is no longer any discrimination of character or nationality. Nothing remains of the French air, spirit or courtliness, for which is substituted a manner alternately heavy and flippant. The match-making mother is a wholly transparent and rather vulgar schemer, with no trace of Gallic eloquence or finesse; and her son, who certainly ought to wear the outer varnish of society, is converted into a young boor. Some of the other personages would be wholly impossible in the society in which they are placed. For some of these defects, the adapter must be held responsible; but the failure of the more serious parts of the act, such as the incidents preceding and leading up to the quarrel and challenge, must be ascribed to the incompetency of some of the principal performers. The third act is written in the spirit of the first and is completely satisfactory.

The honors of the play are carried off easily by the veteran John Gilbert, whose Abbé is a really beautiful figure, most venerable, sweet and human. Madame Ponisi is also extremely happy in her impersonation of the old housekeeper. The piece was dressed and mounted in the most liberal way, and it is to be hoped that it will prosper sufficiently to encourage Mr. Abbey to make further efforts in the same direction.

International Copyright.

THE QUESTION whether there is to be any International Copyright or not, now rests with Senator Chace, the authors and publishers having, after much effort and concession, found common ground in certain amendments to the Chace bill which, it is thought, will insure it an undivided support. If Mr. Chace does not adopt these, as it is hoped and expected he will, it is difficult to see where he will get support for his measure as it stands. Both authors' and publishers' committees are unanimous in support of the proposed amendments, which are framed to make it acceptable to all interests. It is believed that Mr. Chace is alive to the importance of accepting the results of the united action which he has invited, backed as it is by the most practical knowledge of the subject. As there is hardly a chance of any other common ground being reached, it is the plain duty of those whose preferences would lead to alteration in the bill to stand aside for the establishment of the principle, leaving minor defects to adjust themselves. As Mr. Henry James said in his recent letter, on the occasion of the Chickering Hall readings, "Let us not introduce small differences into great harmonies." Mr. Pearsall Smith and Mr. Conway have announced that they will not press the stamp scheme for which there was no support of consequence beyond their own vigorous though untimely efforts. Altogether the prospect is brighter for the cause than at any previous moment in our history.

Mr. Rideing sends us the following from Boston, under date of Tuesday, Jan. 24:

The complications of the copyright question were again made plain at a second meeting of the International Copyright Association, held in Freeman Chapel this afternoon. The attendance was slim, and the only authors of note present were Dr. Hale, Mr. Scudder and Mr. Trowbridge. Among the publishers were Mr. Estes, the Secretary of the Association; Mr. Houghton, Mr. Lothrop, Mr. Ginn, and Mr. Ticknor. Delegations had been expected from the old League and the new Publishers' Copyright Associa-

tion, but they did not come. The proceedings were of much interest, however, and were presided over by President Eliot of Harvard University, with his customary grace and dignity. The Chace bill and its various clauses were discussed, and, as on the occasion of the first meeting, the interests of the authors and the moral bearing of the case seemed, if I must speak candidly, quite subordinate to the protection of the publishers and mechanics employed in the manufacture of books. Insure these against loss, and then, and not until then, shall you do justice to the author. The tariff and the moral obligations of the nation appear to be antagonized, though as President Eliot said (half in protest against the narrow spirit evinced, it seemed to me), the tariff is a question of expediency while copyright is a question of common honesty. Indeed, one could feel throughout the meeting that with him, at least, principle, not profit, was paramount.

Attention was called to some loose phrasing in the Chace bill, as, for instance, the clause requiring that the 'printing' of a copyright book shall be done in the United States. Technically, 'printing' is presswork only, not the setting of type, and would not this phrase allow the importation of electrotype or stereotype plates? Mr. Houghton replied that it would, but that as the duty on such plates is high, the Typographical Unions would be satisfied with the protection of the tariff and would raise no objection to the clause. The typesetters, he added, are better informed on the subject of International Copyright than authors are. Then Mr. Ticknor made inquiries in regard to another clause which forbids the importation of foreign editions of books on which a copyright has been granted, except by the permission of the owner of the copyright. Would not this allow the English author and publisher to come over here and publish one small edition in order to secure copyright, and then (by the author's permission) flood the market with other editions manufactured in England? The answer was again in the affirmative; and again it was said that the tariff was high enough to discourage importation, since the books could be produced for less cost in America.

The main object of the meeting, however, was to take action on the amendments to the Chace bill proposed by the American Copyright League. The League, it was intimated, would probably oppose the bill unless these amendments were made in it, and President Eliot reminded the audience that despite the power of the Typographical Unions, the authors could retaliate, and that the rejection of the amendments would jeopardize the measure. The meeting was then closed by the passage of the following resolutions:

Resolved, that this Association approves the principles involved in the amendments to the Chace copyright bill proposed by the executive committee of the American Copyright League and the American Publishers' League, and request Senator Chace to adopt these amendments with such verbal changes as may be recommended by the counsel of the executive committee of this Association and adopted by the executive committees above mentioned. And, *Resolved*, that a special committee from the executive committee be appointed by the President to wait upon Senator Chace and confer with him regarding these amendments.

The Christian Union considers the whole question of International Copyright in a vigorous editorial entitled 'Public Robbery is Private Theft Multiplied.'

Evidences multiply which seem to indicate an awakening of the national conscience on the subject of stolen books. Mr. Lowell, whose moral instincts are rarely at fault, has done the country and the copyright question a great service in resolutely holding the discussion to moral standards, and in persistently refusing to discuss the subordinate question of policy. In his view, and in the view of all right-thinking men, there can be no question of cheapness so long as there is a question of honesty. The real difficulty with public sentiment in this country is not, as Mr. Arnold has suggested, a lack of moral delicacy on the part of the people at large, but a lack of a thorough understanding of the moral bearings of book-stealing. What is needed is a broad and clear presentation of the matter from the moral standpoint; when that is done we venture to predict that the copyright question will be settled, and settled at once; that it has already been done in large measure many hitherto despairing friends of the copyright movement are beginning to believe.

It will remain to the American of the future one of the puzzles and mysteries of the century that a generation which fostered and protected all sorts of material industries, not only refused to protect the highest of all industries, but forced it to compete with stolen products. The business interests of the country demand, in any large business view, that American literature should have a chance to get itself into this world under favorable conditions, and American publishers will find their largest profit in the sale of American books.

The Jewish Messenger also takes the moral view of the subject:

We Americans are so sensitive on questions of national morality that the discussion as to the need of International Copyright should arouse the country and its legislators to the injustice done foreign and native authors by the present system of international robbery. . . . The reading public will not suffer by reason of any copyright law. The shameless robberies from authors by unauthorized translations and reprints are likely to cease entirely, or be largely diminished. So far as our American literature is concerned, the withdrawal of cheap reprints of flashy foreign writers will tend to give a greater impetus to home talent, and aid in familiarizing the American public with the best American thought.

Eugène Labiche

EUGÈNE MARIN LABICHE, the dramatist, died in Paris on Monday in the seventy-third year of his age. M. Labiche was one of the most prolific of the writers of comedy, but he was wise enough to stop writing when age weakened his powers, ten years ago. He was born in Paris May 5, 1815, and received his education in the Collège Bourbon and the Law School. He had thought of practising law, but became a journalist instead. In 1838 he published a romance entitled 'La Clef des Champs,' and made his first appearance as a dramatic author, writing in conjunction with M.M. Mitchel and Le Franc a comedy called 'M. de Coylin,' or 'The Very Polite Man.' His best known plays are 'Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie,' 'Le Voyage de M. Petrichon' and 'Trente Millions de Gladiateur.' M. Labiche was a member of the French Academy. The following account of his entrance to that body is taken from Mr. Brander Matthews's 'French Dramatists,' issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the most curious changes of opinion that is recorded anywhere in the history of literature took place in France during 1878 and 1879. For more than two-score years M. Eugène Labiche had been putting forth comic plays with unhesitating liberality. His humorous inventions had delighted two generations, and he was set down in the biographical dictionaries as one of the most amusing of French farce-writers. Attempting in rapid succession, and with unbroken success, every kind of comic play, from the keen and quick comedy of the Gymnase Theatre to the broad buffoonery of the Palais Royal, for nearly forty years M. Labiche had been one of the most prolific and most popular of French playwrights. His work was seemingly unpretentious, and the author modestly made no higher claim than to be the exciting cause of laughter and gaiety. Having made a fine fortune, he had watched for the first symptom of failing luck; and, as soon as two or three plays were plainly not successes, he announced that he should write no more, and withdrew quietly to his large farm in Normandy.

The retiring of a mere comic writer was of no great moment, and few paid any attention to it. But it happened that M. Émile Augier was a friend of M. Labiche, and that one day he came to visit M. Labiche in his country retirement, and fell to reading the odd plays of his host as he found them in his library. He was so struck and so surprised with what he discovered, that he prevailed on the author to gather together the best of them into a series of volumes, promising to write an introduction. In the spring of 1878 appeared the first volume of the 'Théâtre Complet' of M. Eugène Labiche, with a preface by M. Émile Augier, in which he pointed out that the author of a hundred and fifty comic plays was not a mere farce-writer, but a master of humor, for whom he had the highest admiration. 'Seek among the highest works of our generation a comedy of more profound observation than the "Voyage de M. Perrichon," one of more philosophy than the "Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat." Well, Labiche has ten plays of this strength in his repertory.' The leading dramatic critics of Paris—and in France dramatic criticism is still one of the fine arts—fell into line. M. Francisque Sarcey first of all. They read the volumes of M. Labiche's 'Théâtre Complet' as they followed one another from the press; and with one accord almost all confessed their surprise at the richness and fecundity of M. Labiche's humor. Indeed, it seemed as though the critics had taken to heart the repairing of their previous unwitting indifference, and were unduly lavish of admiration.

So it came to pass in the fall of 1879, when the tenth, and probably the final volume of the 'Théâtre Complet' appeared, that, urged to overcome his modesty by his cordial friends, M. Labiche became a candidate for a vacant chair in the French Academy,

seeking admittance among the Forty Immortals chosen from the chiefs of literature, science, and politics. Three years before, such a step would have seemed a good joke; but now no one laughed. Certainly those did not laugh who opposed his election; and the staid *Revue des Deux Mondes*—in an elaborate article written rather in the slashing style of the earlier *Edinburgh Review* than with the suave and academic urbanity we have been taught to expect in the pages of the French fortnightly—the *Revue des Deux Mondes* argued seriously and severely against his election. But the tide had turned in his favor. He was elected; and in November, 1880, M. Eugène Labiche took his place in the Academy by the side of his fellow-dramatists, M. Victor Hugo, M. Emile Augier, M. Jules Sandeau, M. Octave Feuillet, M. Alexandre Dumas fils, and M. Victorien Sardou. A seat in the Academy, it may be remembered, was an honor refused to Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, to Caron de Beaumarchais, to Alexandre Dumas, and to Honoré de Balzac.

To most Americans, I fancy, the name of M. Labiche is utterly unknown; and one may well ask, What manner of plays are these, that they could remain so long misunderstood? The question is easier to ask than to answer. The most of them are apparently farces, in one, two, three, four, or even five acts,—farces somewhat of the Madison Morton type. Mr. Morton borrowed his 'Box and Cox' from one of them; the late Charles Mathews took his 'Little Tiddlykins' from another; from a third came the equally well-known 'Phenomenon in a Smock-frock.' These are all one-act plays. Of his larger work, a version of the 'Voyage de M. Perrichon' has been done at the Boston Museum as 'Papa Perrichon'; and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has used the plot, and tried to catch some of the spirit, of the 'Chapeau de Paille d'Italie' in his 'Wedding-March.' In many of M. Labiche's plays, perhaps in all but the best of them, the first impression one gets is that of extravagant buffoonery: the phrase is scarcely too strong. But soon one sees that this is no grinning through a horse-collar; that it has its roots in truth; and that, although unduly exuberant, it is in essence truly humorous.

Likened by the *Nouvelle Revue* to Jean LaFontaine, by M. Augier to Teniers, and by M. Dumas to Plautus, surely M. Labiche is a writer of no common quality, and well worth the study of all who seek to discover the secrets of the stage.

The Fine Arts Art Notes.

THE Boston *Herald* has printed letters from many artists and art-dealers, on the subject of the tariff on works of art. The duty now charged is 30 per cent. *ad valorem*—an almost prohibitory rate. Mr. Huntington, President of the National Academy of Design, speaks (unofficially) for a host of American painters, when he says:

So far as I can judge, the high tariff on works of art has had no tendency to promote the interests of our artists, but, on the contrary, has excited a prejudice against them, not only in the art centres of Europe, but among the lovers of art in our own country. It has lowered the quality, but not the quantity of foreign importations, depriving us, in many instances, of the masterpieces of European art, and flooding us with inferior works. I believe it would be better for the highest interests of American art and artists to compete on even terms with all the world.

THE CRITIC has often raised its voice in protest against the present tariff, and anticipated the *Herald's* action by printing a similar budget of letters from American artists at home and abroad, on Dec. 19, 1885. The oftener the subject is aired, the better.

On the subject of the duty on imported works of art, *The Evening Post* pertinently remarks: 'Our tariff places artists' and authors' wares upon an entirely different footing. An American can take a foreign author's goods for nothing and scatter them all over the United States, but he cannot buy a foreign artist's production and bring it here without paying a 30 per cent. tax on it in addition to its price.'

—The Escosura collection of pictures, costumes, tapestries, armor and bric-à-brac, now on exhibition at the Bucken gallery, previous to its sale next month, is one of the most interesting group of antiquities ever seen in this city. The rooms are charmingly arranged as to color and general impression. The walls are hung with superb tapestries and embroideries; banners depend from the ceiling, and pictures by old masters look down upon the spectator from among the warm-toned draperies. One room is fitted up in French Eighteenth Century fashion, with pale silks and satin, white and gold furniture, rococo cabinets, and pastels by Boucher. The costumes—many of historic interest—are placed on lay-figures which have a startlingly human look, and add greatly to the Aladdin-like effect of the rooms. A court-mantle of blue with silver stars, worn by a Spanish queen, falls from the shoulders of a lay-figure with

the head of a black Venus. Here are Louis Quinze costumes, a velvet robe worn by Marie Antoinette, Venetian shoes, Sixteenth Century gloves, antique gold and silver, and ecclesiastical vestments of the greatest value. The collection of pictures by Señor Escosura, who is a pupil of Gérôme's, are chiefly in the line of historical *genre*, with a great deal of minute brushwork and a fondness for the dainty, brilliant coloring of the Watteau period. Among the paintings attributed to the old masters are a portrait of Philippe le Bel by Holbein, a Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci, and a Raphael showing St. George and the Devil, which is said to be a replica of a picture in the Petersburg Museum.

—The set of engravings forming Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' exhibited during the present week at the Grolier Club, is said to be the most complete in existence. It belongs to Mr. Howard Mansfield. The etchings and the finished mezzotints were hung side by side, enabling the student to examine artistic and mechanical methods to the best advantage. The seventy-one published plates were shown, with photographs of the unpublished ones. The mezzotints were all first states. The one pencil drawing was lent by Mr. Ruskin's friend, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

—Burke-Jones's famous picture, 'Le Chant d' Amour,' the property of Martin Brimmer, is on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

—Mr. Ellsworth, of Chicago, has offered a prize of \$250 in connection with the May and June exhibition at Chicago. Two other prizes of the same amount have been offered, and \$1000 is promised toward a scholarship fund.

—Of the 110 artists represented at the Art Club exhibition in Philadelphia, 50 are New Yorkers.

—The Layton Art Gallery of Milwaukee received recently a gift of \$5000 from Edward Sanderson, with which were purchased Julien Dupré's 'Minding the Flock,' a landscape by B. W. Leader, and works by Tito Conti and Hugo Salmon.

—The thirty-seventh exhibition of the Boston Art Club, now open, cannot be said to reflect credit upon Boston artists. The best portrait is by a New York artist, Mr. Freer, and most of the New York pictures have already been seen at New York exhibitions. The portraits, as a whole, are ambitious but weak, and the best work by Boston artists is in landscape. John J. Enneking's 'Late October' and Arthur F. Davis's 'Spring Afternoon' were among the important landscapes.

—Among the new and important pictures at Knoedler's is M. Bertier's portrait of Mrs. Samuel Colgate, which shows a pretty woman in a semi-Directoire gown of white and gold, standing against a bronze plush curtain. It is a decorative and agreeable piece of portraiture, better adapted to the bric-à-brac prettiness of a New York drawing-room than a more ambitious sort of work would be. A large Heilbuth (two girls in a garden), a very fine Maure (a landscape, with sheep, beautiful as to light and atmosphere), and a stiffly painted Holbeinish Schachinger are valuable and attractive works.

—Mr. J. Ward Stimson, Director of the Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been dismissed from his position owing to a disagreement with Mr. Robert Hoe, Chairman of the Museum Committee on Schools. Mr. Arthur L. Tuckerman, one of the teachers, and author of a recent brief 'History of Architecture,' has been appointed to take Mr. Stimson's place until a permanent Director is appointed.

—The Edward Kearney and Jordan L. Mott collections will be sold at the Fifth Avenue Galleries.

—Cassel & Co. have ready a small work on 'Color,' by A. H. Church. It is intended as an elementary manual for students.

—Mr. G. F. Watts has presented his 'Love and Death' to a committee at Manchester formed to carry out a gift of a public park and museum of arts by the trustees of the late Sir J. Whitworth. He declined an offer of about \$15,000 for the painting, to become the property of the city.

—Numerous 'Manuals and Hand-books' of oil-painting have been published which have naturally proved of little value to those for whom they appear to have been designed, the reason being that no one can learn from books what is, to a great extent, a difficult mechanical trade, requiring skill and the sort of knowledge that comes only by practice. Still, Miss Louise McLaughlin's 'Painting in Oil' (Robert Clarke & Co.) would not be without utility if a little more care had been taken in making out the list of permanent colors and the 'palettes' derived from it, given at the end of the book. Several of the pigments recommended have not yet been long enough in use to be safely classed as permanent. Others, denounced as fugitive or changeable, are so only under extraordinary conditions, or when badly handled. She gives preference to the

imported German colors, in many respects inferior to the American, some of which she admits she has not tried. The chapter on technique will be understood only by advanced students, who have nothing to learn from it. That on the scientific theories in regard to color is of no use to art students of any class.

—An eminent Russian painter has in his studio two portraits of Count Tolstoi. The smaller of the two is thus described: 'It represents him ploughing in the fields, with the harrow hitched to the rear of the unwieldy plough, which is drawn by a white horse along the slope. The count's gray beard streams sideways across his blue blouse and half-bared breast, and his cap is pulled well down over his face. This portrait was painted on the spot last summer.'

Current Criticism

MR. LOWELL'S AMERICANISM.—The charge having been made in this city, which of all others should be proud of Mr. James Russell Lowell's fame and jealous of his reputation, that he is a 'de-nationalized American,' it becomes appropriate here to expose its mendacious injustice. We may be told that the work is unnecessary, and it certainly should be among intelligent people. . . . In Great Britain, Mr. Lowell was more than the official representative of our nation—he appeared as the champion of our people and of the form of government with which they were identified. He never forgot that he was an American; he never ceased to speak a strong word for those institutions of which America is the leading custodian. The last address of importance made by Mr. Lowell after his long residence in England summed up the effort of his career there. It is one of the most elaborate and able of his life. He gave it the title 'Democracy,' and it is as effective a plea for democracy as illustrated in his own country as was ever made. It was given just when it was needed—in the heart of British life, and at a time when those Englishmen to whom Mr. Lowell is basely accused of truckling were the most jealous of America's example. The tide among them was turned to attacking democratic institutions. Mr. Lowell, in standing up in the face of this and making his magnificent defence of democracy, had an opportunity such as had not been afforded an American since Henry Ward Beecher faced a British audience during the War of the Rebellion. . . . Not Beecher himself discharged his duty to his country more nobly. The address, which covers forty pages, is from beginning to end a vindication of American democracy before those British people who had attacked it.—*Boston Herald*.

THE AMERICAN CLUB.—Among the many burning questions which yet remain to be settled between the United States and Great Britain, none have caused more dissatisfaction in social circles on the other side of the Atlantic than the lack of reciprocity shown by us in the matter of club hospitality. To the English gentleman every club in New York is open; but the citizen of the United States, on arrival in London, finds the portals of the leading clubs in Pall Mall sealed doors. Distinguished men, it is true, are made honorary members of the Atheneum; but it is not every one who can find exuberant joviality within its walls. Our countrymen who have resided in America, struck by the very one-sided nature of the club treaty existing between the two countries, have recently started a fresh addition to the many London clubs. The American Club aims at affording a meeting-place in London for all men interested in the Western Hemisphere. Here members of the Pacific Club at San Francisco, the Manitoba Club at Winnipeg, of the Cercle des Etrangers at Rio, the Knickerbocker at New York, and the Turf in Piccadilly, meet on terms of perfect equality.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

THE LONDON TIMES'S CENTENARY.—The centenary of the *Times*, which arrived on Sunday, deserves more than a passing word. It is a most noteworthy thing, if you think of it, that a family, originally hardly to be ranked as belonging to the middle class, should have seized and kept for a hundred years the function of expressing middle-class opinion in England; should have made of a sheet of reports and comments a powerful factor in the government of an Empire which during all that time has never ceased to grow; and should have improved a publication which they neither wrote nor edited, though they governed it, into the leading newspaper of the world. . . . While the *Times* has deferred to its customers to a degree which we consider immoral—that is, has constantly changed its view because the middle class had changed theirs—and has occasionally been a mere mirror of opinion, it has also shown the English contempt for danger, either physical or financial. Its owners risked ruinous damages to crush De Bourbel, who threatened to plunder half the banks of Europe; they gave up thousands a week to arrest the progress of the railway mania; they faced the dangerous mob of '48, which specially threatened

them, with the nerve of the Duke of Wellington himself; and they have defied the inner Committees of the Irish-American Secret Societies with a courage far bolder, as well as loftier, than their own. They are not entitled, perhaps, to all the credit they took to themselves on Monday, for a mirror, after all, does not guide; but they have performed their strange function in as proud a spirit as it admitted of—so performed it, at all events, that all over the world Englishmen are willing to acknowledge that the *Times* is the English journal, and do, as a matter of fact, when injured or aggrieved, seek first of all its help and its protection. An Englishman imprisoned in Timbuctoo, and offered the privilege of writing to the Foreign Office or the *Times*, would probably choose the latter. After a century of work, and amid boundless competition, the *Times* still remains so completely the first English journal, that no Englishman of position, wherever he may dwell, ever thinks of announcing his marriage or his child's death in any other paper.—*The Spectator*.

BYRON'S INTENSITY.—To touch this complex and delicate subject in only a superficial manner, it may not be amiss to say that the world is under obligation to Byron, if for nothing else, for the spectacle of a most romantic, impressive and instructive life. His agency in that spectacle, no doubt, was involuntary, but all the same he presented it. He was a true poet; a man of genius; his faculty of expression was colossal, and his conduct was absolutely genuine. No man in literature ever lived who lived himself more fully. Even his assumptions of disguise only made him more obvious and transparent. He kept nothing back. His heart was laid absolutely bare. We know even more about him than we know about Dr. Johnson—who never could have dropped an *h* without having it picked up by his biographer,—and still his personality endures the test of our knowledge and remains unique, romantic, fascinating, prolific of moral admonition and infinitely pathetic. Byron in poetry, like Edmund Kean in acting, is a figure that completely fills the imagination, profoundly stirs the heart, and never ceases to impress and charm, even while it afflicts, the sensitive mind. This consideration alone, viewed apart from the obligation that the world owes to the better part of his writings, is vastly significant of the great personal force that is inherent in the name and memory of Byron.—*William Winter, in the Tribune*.

AN HEROIC CRISIS WITHOUT THE HEROISM.—When will people give up speculating about how poets are made? In an American review of the thirteenth edition of Mr. Stedman's 'Victorian Poets,' I see that Mr. Stedman has been making his own guesses. First let us congratulate this critic on his popularity. Thirteen editions of a book about literature, *c'est tout!* It must be in the States, not here, one is afraid, that people are so fondly concerned about prose and verse. Mr. Stedman appears to think that our modern minor poets are too learned, and not vigorous enough. About the absence of vigor, the court is quite with him, but how can a poet be too learned? He is not likely to be more learned than Milton or Virgil. If Mr. Stedman means 'too pedantic,' that is another affair. He seems to hold that our poor old country must pass through an 'heroic crisis' before our poetry improves. I do hope not! I would rather write no verse at all, nor read it, than have my rhymes and other people's improved at the cost of an heroic crisis, especially as nothing seems more probable than that we might have the crisis without the heroism. One cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, but to console oneself for broken national eggs by a chance of better poetical omelettes would indeed he disinterested. *Tant de fracas pour une omelette* is too much *fracas*.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's*.

Notes.

DANSKE DANTRIDGE. of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, will shortly issue through G. P. Putnam's Sons a first volume of verse entitled 'Joy, and Other Poems.' Our readers have not forgotten Mrs. Dantridge's beautiful poem, 'Silence,' which appeared in *THE CRITIC* last September.

—Roberts Bros. are about to publish an English version of Renan's new work, the 'History of the People of Israel.' They will also soon add Miss Yonge's 'Hannah More' to the Eminent Women Series, and the 'Lys dans la Vallée' to their series of translations from Balzac.

—Henry Holt & Co. will publish soon an illustrated book called 'Uncle Sam at Home,' in which an Englishman, who has taken up his residence here, gives his views of the United States, socially, politically and financially.

—William Black, in his new serial, 'The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat,' which has just begun to appear, has apparently assigned the rôle of heroine to an American girl—charming, but an

unconsciousable flirt. She is characterized by the wicked Benedick who tells the story as 'A White Pestilence, stalking through the land, and scattering devastation wherever she goes.' At the end of the third chapter, the *dramatis persona*—a gentleman and his wife, Peggy Rosslyn (the girl aforesaid), and an amiable and obliging youth, have just started on a voyage to be confined to the rivers and canals of eastern England, in a craft built expressly for the journey.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published on the 25th, 'The Second Son,' by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich; 'A Masque, and Other Poems,' by Dr. Weir Mitchell; a new book by Bret Harte, 'A Phyllis of the Sierras, and A Drift from Redwood Camp'; 'The Old Willard House at Deerfield, Mass.,' by Catherine B. Yale; a new edition of 'Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley,' by John J. Piatt; 'Benjamin on Sale,' by Judah P. Benjamin, newly edited by Edmund H. Bennett, Dean of the Boston University Law School; and 'Woman and the Commonwealth; or, A Question of Expediency,' by George Pellew, of the Suffolk Bar.

—Cassell & Co.'s latest new author is Ellery Sinclair, whose novel, 'Victor,' is now ready for publication. Ellery Sinclair is said to be a *nom de plume*, but whether of a man or a woman the reader must discover.

—Byron was born in London on Jan. 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, who knew Goethe also, is probably the only American now living who remembers him. On last Saturday evening, the eve of the poet's hundredth birthday, memorial literary exercises were held at the Century Club. Mr. E. C. Stedman read a poem, and Dr. Titus Munson Coan a critical paper on the character and genius of the poet, in which he gave him the first place in English poetry since Milton. Mr. Stedman's poem appears in this week's *Independent*.

—Mr. Mallock has left England for Cyprus, where he proposes to stay ten weeks. Edmund Yates hears that he intends to make that island the scene of his next romance.

—Mr. Wemyss Reid has already begun his Life of Lord Houghton, who was a very great letter writer and receiver. Besides a great deal of unpublished correspondence from Carlyle and Thackeray, there will be a series of important letters from Bunsen and Cavour. Mr. Reid's Life of Forster will appear in May. Mr. Gladstone has given consent to the publication of his letters, and the correspondence between the two statesmen on the Irish question will be 'timely' reading.

—A Parsee girl named Sorabji, who has won scholarships at the University in Bombay every year, has now been graduated in the first class. Only six students, of whom five were men, succeeded in obtaining this degree. Miss Sorabji is the only 'girl graduate' in the Bombay Presidency.

—The posthumous works of Paganini, the violinist, will soon be published by his son, Baron Achille Paganini.

—In an article in a recent *Independent*, called 'Greek as a Fertilizer,' Mr. Maurice Thompson says:

It is admitted nowadays that one may train himself for the literary profession. If any young man or young woman in America is just now going into such training, my advice is: master the Greek language and read the Greek masters, not to imitate them, but to remember them as one remembers the mountains one has seen or the seas one has sailed over. Simple as a daisy, wide as the sky, strong as a storm, Greek poetry is an inexhaustible well-spring of suggestion to the fresh and vigorous imagination. It is the very flower of art.

—Of aphorisms *The Pall Mall Gazette* ventures to say: 'Every American humorist can turn them out, like pop-corns, by the bushel, and not mere inanities, but very fair aphorisms of their kind.'

—'Journalists should be pleased,' says Mr. Edmund Yates, 'with the recognition of their order in the Knighthood and Commandership of India bestowed by Her Majesty upon Mr. Edwin Arnold, who for many years has been the leading editorial writer on the *Daily Telegraph*.' Mr. Arnold is best known in this country by his metrical versions of Eastern legends.

—Macmillan & Co. announce Nordenskjold's 'Greenland.'

—In the fifth priced catalogue issued by W. B. Saunders, of Philadelphia, special attention is called to the extensive collection of Americana, which includes more than half of the 1150 titles in the pamphlet. Among the works in other departments are the complete publications of the Percy Society (\$125), 'The Vanderbilt House and Collection' (\$200), the English edition of Goupil's 'Great Modern Painters' (\$75), and a large-paper copy, with proof-plates, of Hamerton's 'Landscape.'

—Miss Aus der Ohe will play Rubinstein's Concerto in D-minor for piano and orchestra at the Symphony Society Concert this (Saturday) evening. A new work by Stanford, an Irish Symphony, will be played by the orchestra for the first time.

—In the call for subscriptions to a monument of Heine at Düsseldorf, Paul Heyse spoke of Heine as 'the greatest lyric poet since the days of Goethe.' To this expression Count Schack and Martin Greif of Munich, who were members of the committee having the matter in charge, objected, as the claim of being 'the greatest lyric poet' might be disputed by Uhland and other writers; but their protest was not heeded, and they accordingly withdrew from the committee.

—Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Harvard will publish through Ginn & Co., in April, an 'Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages.'

—It is denied that Dr. Lyman Abbott has been invited to the permanent pastorate of Plymouth Church, where he is now acting as a 'supply,' the church understanding that he cannot abandon his work as editor of *The Christian Union*. Dr. Abbott does no pastoral work, though accepting certain administrative duties in addition to preaching.

—Mr. John Morley is at Torquay, recuperating from his recent severe attack of illness.

—The Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society of Boston offer a \$700 and a \$300 prize for the two best MSS. for Sunday-school books. Writers can learn the terms by addressing the society.

—Sir Robert Ball, the Irish Astronomer Royal, criticizing Wolfe's lines in his 'Burial of Sir John Moore':

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And our lantern dimly burning,

bids us know that the above is moonshine (with an Irish poet and an Irish critic, says *The Pall Mall*, the bull may be admissible), for that on the date of Moore's burial the moon cannot have been shining: it would long ago have been below the horizon. The lantern must have supplied all the light.

—Among the letters included in Wm. E. Benjamin's latest catalogue of autographs are one from Wm. Blake to Flaxman (\$40), Hawthorne to Geo. S. Hillard (\$20), and Washington (\$30).

—Bishop Doane, of Albany, calls the attention of scholars, and of teachers and students, in America, to the fact that besides the brass in the Cathedral in Dublin, an additional memorial to the late Archbishop Trench is proposed, in a place which makes an especial appeal to those who desire to acknowledge the Archbishop's services to learning and literature. The memorial will take the form of Trench Scholarships, in Alexandra College, Dublin, of which he was almost founder and always visited. Subscriptions from the Archbishop's admirers may be sent to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

—In the department of educational, classical and philological works, 1887 had the advantage in England over 1886 by 124 volumes; and in biographical and historical works by 112. On the other hand, it produced only seven more new novels than appeared in 1886.

—Mlle. Mathilde Pilotte who recently died at Blois, in the convent of La Providence, left 400£. to the Théâtre Français on condition that that theatre should perform once a year a drama entitled 'Cæsar,' or a translation of one of the seven masterpieces of Shakespeare. M. Jules Claretie has been obliged to refuse the legacy, as it is contrary to the rules of the Comédie Française to receive money for performing a play.

—Mr. George H. Picard, formerly of Topeka, is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. He is the author of one or two works of fiction which have won for him a creditable place in the galaxy of American authors.

—*Book Chat* begins its third year and volume with a new editor, owing to the resignation of Mr. William G. Jordan, who had edited the paper from the start. A summary of the bibliographical work accomplished by *Book Chat* in 1887 reveals a painstaking industry that augurs well for the permanent usefulness of the little magazine. Occasional letters from abroad are promised this year.

—Dr. James M. Whiton, author of 'Beyond the Shadow,' will soon publish, through Mr. Whittaker, a volume called 'Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct.'

—Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln, of the Deerfield Summer School of History and Romance, proposes to give four lectures in the Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House, on successive Monday afternoons, at four o'clock, as follows: Feb. 13, 'The Birth of American Literature'; Feb. 20, 'Our Eminent Poets'; Feb. 27, 'The Press, the Magazine, the Library'; March 5, 'Ideal Romance and Realism.'

—In his newly published Memoirs, Sir Frederick Pollock gives us this interesting glimpse of Lord Tennyson at home in 1864:

Evening at Faringford. Tennyson read 'Boadicea' and 'The Lincolnshire Farmer.' The latter gains immensely by his giving the words their proper accent, and by the enormous sense of humor thrown into it by his voice and manner in reading it. I asked Tennyson which he preferred of the two poems, 'Enoch Arden' and 'Aylmer's Field.' He replied 'Enoch Arden,' which he thought was very perfect, and a beautiful story. 'Aylmer's Field' had given him more trouble than anything he ever did. At one time he had to put it aside altogether for six months; the story was so intractable, and it was so difficult to deal with modern manners and conversation. The Indian relative was introduced solely for the sake of the dagger, which was to be the instrument of the lover's suicide.

—The Mayor and Mayoress of Portsmouth gave a dinner on Thursday of last week in honor of Walter Besant, the novelist, 400 guests being present. Mr. Besant made an interesting speech, recommending literature as a profession, but warning his hearers that there are 14,000 people in London already who live, or don't live, by literature. 'Let parents make their boys journalists,' cries Mr. Besant, 'if they wish to become successful men.' He assured his admirers, who had been applauding him as a social reformer, that he could sometimes be frivolous, and that the story which he is now writing is simply a story.

—The past year was not a notable one in the annals of English literature. Darwin's Life was probably its chief production. No new stars have appeared in the firmament, and the old ones have not burst into any fresh brightness. English literature is not yet rid of that 'rule of the old' of which Mr. Grant Allen not long ago complained. Lord Tennyson is 78, Mr. Browning 75, Mr. Lowell is 68, Mr. Whittier is 80, Mr. Ruskin is 68, Cardinal Newman is 86, Mr. Matthew Arnold is 65. 'Long may they all live,' exclaims an English contemporary recording these facts; 'for can any one honestly say that there are successors ready all along the lines to "fill up the gaps in the files" ?'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1317.—The following is, I think, the first verse of a poem by

Stoddard. Will THE CRITIC be kind enough to tell me where I shall find the poem?

It stands in the corner of the room
Behind the door in the shade and gloom
In a heavy and antique case,
Rich mahogany, maple and oak
Battered and scratched and dim with smoke,
And the hands are bent on the face.

S. B. W.

[The poem is by Mr. Stoddard; but where it can be found, we do not know.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1314.—I read in *The Penny Magazine*, about thirty years ago, a story which may correspond with the above question. I have not the publication at hand, or I would quote. A sentinel on duty at midnight was charged with sleeping on his post. He persisted in his denial of the charge, and as he had no one to appeal to, to corroborate his denial, he alleged that he heard the bell in St. Paul's Cathedral strike thirteen instead of twelve. As his life was at stake, his superior officers decided to investigate, and found that the clock had struck thirteen instead of twelve. The claim was, that the distance was too great for the sound to carry, but it had carried, and saved the soldier's life.

T. MCK. B.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT OF new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Ballou, M. M.	Under the Southern Cross.	\$1.50	Ticknor & Co.
Barnard, Chas.	First Steps in Electricity.	.75	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Baron Munchausen.	\$1.25	G. P. Putnam's Sons.	
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.	Nos. 9 and 10, 50c each.	Century Co.	
Beecher, H. W.	Patriotic Addresses.	.75	Fords, Howard & Hubert.
Bellamy, Edward.	Looking Backward.	.50	Ticknor & Co.
Brooklyn Daily Eagle Calendar,	1888.	.25	Brooklyn Daily Eagle.
Chesterfield, Lord.	Letters.	.50	G. F. Putnam's Sons.
Clark, T. M.	Readings and Prayers.	.50	Thomas Whittaker.
Defoe, Daniel.	An Essay upon Projects.	.10	Cassell & Co.
De Vere Aubrey.	Essays, Chiefly on Poetry.	.25	Macmillan & Co.
Faust, A. H.	The Bride's Gift to Her Friends.	.25	Farnestock, A. H.
Franzos, C. E.	For the Right.	.30	Buffalo: Moulton, Wenborne & Co.
Froude, J. A.	The English in the West Indies.	.75	Harper & Bros.
Fulton, Chandos.	A Society Star.	.50	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Howells, W. D.	A Fearful Responsibility.	.50	G. W. Dillingham.
Jennings, A. C.	A Manual of Church History.	.75	Ticknor & Co.
Linderfelt, K. A.	Volapük.	.25	Thos. Whittaker.
Müller, F. M.	Biographies of Words, and The Home of the Aryas.	.25	Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar.
Franzos, C. E.	For the Right.	.30	Longmans, Green & Co.
Potter, B. W.	The Road and the Roadside.	.25	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Queen Money.	.25	Ticknor & Co.	
Randall, H. T.	Class Readings.	.25	Phila.: T. W. Haffey & Co.
Sargeant, A.	Roy's Repentance.	.25	Henry Holt & Co.
Wisconsin Historical Society Proceedings.	.	.	Madison: Democrat Printing Co.
Yonge, John E.	The Theological Educator.	.75	Thos. Whittaker.

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